

A
P O E M,

Occasioned by

The DEATH of the
MOST ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE
WILLIAM-AUGUSTUS,
DUKE of CUMBERLAND.

Humbly inscribed to Her ROYAL HIGHNESS
PRINCESS AMELIA.

L O N D O N:

Printed for the AUTHOR, and sold by W. LEFARD, in Tooley-Street; G. KEARSLEY,
in Ludgate-Street; and N. WHITEFIELD, in Rotherhithe.

Price Six-pence.

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A
P O E M, &c.

MOURN! Britain's King, and all ye nobles mourn!
Fam'd *William*'s dead, and placed in his urn;
The most illustrious of the human kind,
Great lustre owe to his capacious mind.
Descended from the highest kings on earth,
His actions vy'd in greatness with his birth.
While yet a child, he lisp'd out arms and war,
Born Albion's friend, and great exploits to dare.
But learning help'd what nature well began,
And solid judgment that perfects the man
Check'd all his ardor, but on virtue's plan*.

A 2

Judgment

* In respect to military achievements.

After the battle, when the French were led over the river Maine.

Judgment the few possess, advanc'd in years,
 In *William's* youth illustriously appears ;
 Yet animated with the hero's fire,
 The French beheld, and tremblingly admire :
 ('Twas when the French and Spaniard had combin'd,
 And to make Europe tremble had design'd :)
 At Dettingen how glorious was the day,
 When Stair and *William* valiant acts display !
 In station less, his counsel was the same,
 To chase the French *, and more increase their fame.

At Fontenoy we next have seen thee shine,
 Attack like Hector, breaking ev'ry line !
 And tho' vast numbers forc'd thy men to yield,
 Thou led'st them in fine order from the field :
 Nor was there want of judgment, or of might,
 In that attempt, had the men acted right :
 But when the rest impetuous marched on,
 The Dutch forsook the valiant *George's* son ;
 Though they had shew'd great ardor to engage,
 And save their frontiers from the Frenchmen's rage ;

For

* After the battle, when the French were fled over the river Maine.

For the war blaz'd their frontier-towns to save,
 And property still animates the brave.
 (Mammon it was projected the design,
 First taught to promise, then to undermine.)
 Thus treach'rous men, or Dastards may deceive
 The most aware, who've candor to believe.
 Thus false Sempronius * once shew'd Cato's friend,
 But prov'd the basest traitor in his end.

• Brave Churchill fam'd so much in Anna's days,
 Had num'rous hosts of men to fight for praise.
 The hardy Britons resolutely bold,
 And prince Eugene, not easily controul'd:
 His valiant men attend, from Savoy come
 Against the Frenchmen, to complete their doom.
 But ne'er against superior numbers try'd,
 Or with false friends to check his conqu'ring pride.
 'Tis hard to say, if Marlborough, thus expos'd
 Like *Cumberland*, would have so well oppos'd.

Thus when a num'rous drove of shouting swains
 Encompass round some lions on the plains.

They

* Addison's Cato.

They stalk and turn amidst the missile fire,
 " And tearing through th' indignant beasts retire."
 So *William's* men a safe retreat maintain
 Under his conduct, from the well-fought plain ;
 For while they march'd, some wheel, attack the foe,
 And them repel with dismal overthrow :
 And the Duke led his soldiers safe away
 To rest themselves, much harrass'd in the fray.
 But heav'n permitted *William* small repose,
 For soon he marched to attack the foes,
 Flanders chief towns to save from destin'd woe,
 And work the num'rous Frenchmen's overthrow.

Meanwhile rebellion in this isle appears,
 And strength acquires, increasing Albion's fears ;
 And rag'd so fierce, no force could it assuage,
 Till *William* blazing in his martial rage,
 Arriv'd to face it from the Flanders coast ;
 For Albion's voice recall'd him and the host :
 And *George's* mandate join'd the gen'ral voice,
 And all heav'n's friends took courage at the choice.

William

William obey'd, and heav'n's propitious gale
Soon wafts them o'er, distending ev'ry sail.

Behold, ye recreants, the hero come,
Destin'd with vengeance to complete your doom !
They had audacious tempted Anglia's plain,
Most haughtily despising *George's* reign ;
And hurried onward by some aid from France,
And the French promises, they south advance.
But *William's* name darts terror by the sound,
And opens wide an agonizing wound ;
They bound before him, straining to the north,
And long to join their brothers at the Forth ;
Till to the Moor from Clifton taking name,
The wretched rebels panting, sweating came,
When desperation urg'd three thousand on
T' attack the horse, and *George's* valiant Son :
Where he with eighteen hundred men prevails,
For soon the rebels haughty courage fails.
('Twas when the infantry too far away,
Could not assist brave *William* in the fray.)

The dread of *William*, and their horrid sin,
 And gloomy night distress them sore within :
 Away they fly, and leave a number slain,
 Or in great anguish weltring on the plain.
 To Penrith in their consternation come,
 And rouse their prince to shun the fatal doom ;
 The town compel a hundred men to raise,
 To light both parties in their foul disgrace :
 Thro' nights brown horrors mixt with wind-blown rain,
 They bound away, tho' rack'd with inward pain ;
 For *William*'s image still before their mind,
 And guilt suggest, that worse remains behind.
 Thus scud these on, Carlisle opprest again,
 Leaving to guard the town four hundred men,
 Then tempt the Esk, and brave th' inclement skie,
 No danger shun in dread of *William* nigh :
 For as they fly, 'twas fear suggests the foe
 Is at their heels, and magnifies their woe.

But *William*'s valor soon reliev'd Carlisle,
 Sorely distress'd by violence, ere while ;

And

And order'd Hawley, and men to pursue,
 And quite destroy the unrelenting crew :
 For he was called to the royal court,
 Against a French invasion to support.
 Fame that delights to blend the truth with lies,
 Spreads this alarm, and dangers magnifies.
 Joy cheers the foe, the rebels join'd their men,
 And led them on with resolution then.
 Hawley tho' brave, in vain oppos'd their might,
 And all the men were vanquished in fight.
 Scotia's* distress'd, all Albion in great pain,
 Entreats that *William* may command again ;
 Good *George* confirm'd the universal voice,
 And *Cumberland* rejoiced in the choice.

He skim'd on northward like the swiftest fowl
 That cuts the air, and hunts a Pluver's soul,
 Till Edinburgh bold *Cumberland* receives,
 While joy his friends, but ev'ry foe much grieves ;
 He rousing for the war the soldiers all
 Advances still, and hopes the rebels' fall.

B

The

* Scotia the Latin name of Scotland.

The siege at Stirling rais'd, the town set free,
 For all the rebels from his presence flee,
 And rush still onward to the fatal field,
 Where heav'n-breath'd courage forc'd their rage to yield;
 For Michael's aid repell'd infernal might,
 And *William* taught the men secure to fight,
 The gun and bay'net fixt in one to fire
 And push; and doubly forc'd the foes t' expire.
 Graecful he stood, his right hand grasp'd his sword,
 Expecting vict'ry only from the Lord :
 (Nought is more apt to' intoxicate the mind
 Than the command of armies firmly join'd)
 In silence waiting the succeeding fight,
 Breathing forth ardor with united might ;
 And officers attending to receive
 Such orders as the prudent Chief shall give ;
 Ensigns display'd, the drums and trumpets sound,
 In hopes of sending foes to shades profound.
 Then Deists conduct boast, on strength rely,
 And with presumption Israel's God defy :
 Then was proud Pharaoh heard aloud t' exclaim,
 " I am alone, what is Jehovah's name ? "

But

But his proud heart met its just overthrow,
 And all his legions sunk in shameful woe.
 Not thus—The Duke declar'd his trust in God,
 And hop'd he'd use him as his pow'ful rod.
 And when two thousand of the foes were slain,
 In chilly death extended on the plain,
 He thus pronounc'd his reverential awe,
 " Lord, what am I! the vital breath to draw,
 " When such brave men lie in the cold embrace
 " "Of potent death!" A humbling gift of grace.
 Two thousand rebels more untimely dy'd
 In the pursuit. Thus ends the rebels' pride.

The Duke return'd, and ev'ry worthy man
 Applauds the brave exploit whate'er he can :
 But chief the senators most chearful own
 That Charles was by *William* overthrown ;
 For the most noble still most grateful give
 The praise deserv'd ; 'tis honour to receive.

And when the dove-like wings of gentle peace
 O'erspread the land, and wars tremendous cease ;
 When

When *William* tended at his Nephew's court,
 To help the weight of empire to support ;
 (For now the Royal Parent was no more,
 And all good subjects the great loss deplore ;)
 From various causes parting discord rose,
 While placeless courtiers ministers oppose,
 And darling liberty both sides pretend,
 Must all their gen'rous sentiments commend.
 The disaffected wide the mischief spread,
 Who wanted places, or who wanted bread ;
 And mean ambition would sit next the throne,
 Some, pride inspir'd to pull the fav'rites down ;
 Some study'd int'rest, and would sacrifice
 To nought else here, or ev'n above the skies.
 While these contend, regardless of the state,
 The gen'rous *William* felt for Albion's fate,
 And by his prudent counsel blest the land,
 Faction subsides, and peace regains command.
 Thus *William* prov'd a worthy Briton still,
 While some lov'd ease, and others acted ill.

But when the business of the session ceas'd,
 And senators were for awhile releas'd :

Then

Then Windfor town, much graced with his feat,
Was highly blest with *Cumberland's* retreat.

And why not view him in retired life,
Remov'd from city, from the court and strife,
Seated among some chosen friends, impart
The candid, social language of the heart ?
The social feast with easy health is crown'd,
The genial bowl goes temperaely round.
In actions plain,* in friendship faithful he,
Exact in duties †—wishes reg'lar be :
In things minute, the Prince still great appear'd ;
Himself conceal'd, his virtues fame declar'd.

When flow'rs were blown, and the clad trees display'd,
From the sun-beams a green and cooling shade,
The garden oft possess'd him to descry }
Nature and art in emulation vie, }
And meditate and praise the Deity. }
But chief the poor employ'd his tender care ;
Not such as lazy, idle vagrants are,

But

* Rollin's Belles lettres.

† The reader is desired to understand this verse in the sense in which the generality of the nobles seem to understand exactness in duty, and regularity of desires.

But the laborious lov'd he to employ,
 And pay them well.—A source of greater joy
 Than all the triumphs he obtain'd before ;
 Or had he gain'd a thousand conquests more.
 For the reflection on the greatest fame,
 For martial deeds, will small advantage claim ;
 Since it recalls the drums, and trumpets' sounds,
 And groans, and blood, and dying christians' wounds ;
 And leads the christian hero to implore,
 He may be forc'd to draw the sword no more.
 But charity displays a noble mind,
 Loving, and is belov'd by all mankind.
 Some hundreds oft his royal bounty shar'd,
 For which, no doubt, he has a rich reward :
 For charity, so prudently bestow'd,
 Does gen'ral good, and pleasing is to God.

Not so those misers, who delight to hoard,
 And are afraid one farthing to afford
 To the distress'd, accounting they are wise,
 Tho' wisdom teaches § treasure to despise.
 'Twas one of these inform'd the Duke, "He might
 " Without such do." The duke reply'd, "That's right,
 But

§ Wealth hoarded.

“ But what wou’d these poor men without me do ? ”
 Illustrious speech ! regarded but by few !

But now he’s dead ! these virtues blaze no more
 From his cold breast, resplendent so before ;
 Which all the sons of liberty deplore. }
 Ye honest poor, in tears express your grief,
 The tribute of your tears may yield relief.
 All smaller losses patiently we bear ;
 How hard sustained this ! Windsor can declare,
 When spreading fame confirm’d great *William*’s death,
 What shock they bore ! what dread of heav’nly wrath !
 The bard obscure ‡ attempting to rehearse
 His praise deserv’d, in smooth and lasting verse ;
 When the sad sound reach’d his astonish’d ear,
 His heart beat slow with languid, plaintive fear,
 Mourn, Anglia ! mourn ! thy *Cumberland* is dead !
 Who now so lov’d shall all thy legions lead ?
 And Scotia, mourn ! ’twas his thy sons to save,
 Thy bravest sons from an untimely grave :
 But now the blazing Warrior is no more,
 Profound his rest, the noise of war is o’er.

When

‡ In a work not published

When toll'd the solemn bell, to signify
 The sad interment then approached nigh,
 And thund'ring minute-guns, with stunning din,
 Shock'd ev'ry ear, and blank'd the pow'rs * within ;
 The senators in slow procession mourn ;
 The sacred corse is on mens' shoulders borne ;
 The cover'd drums, and shrilling trumpets' sound
 Strikes melancholy in beholders round.
 Thus was the Hero to the tomb convey'd,
 With all due honours sacred to the dead.

These obsequies now past, let us prepare,
 The most robust his sudden fate may share ;
 Since death impartial to the king and slave,
 The meanest coward equals with the brave.
 Sudden his death ! almost without a groan,
 Free from the pains in ling'ring illness known :
 Like a brave warrior in hot battle slain,
 Shot thro' the head, or heart, and feels no pain ;
 So *William* sunk, and in an instant dy'd,
 The dread of France, the scourge of rebel pride.

* The powers or faculties of the mind.

F . I . N . I . S .